Enter Will Kemp.

Peter. Musitions, oh Musitions, harts ease, harts ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play harts ease.
Fidler. Why harts ease?
Peter. O Musitions, because my hart it selfe plaies my hart is full:
O play me some merie dump to comfort me.
Minstrels. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.
Peter. You will not then?
Minst. No.
Peter. I will then giue it you soundly.
Minst. What will you giue vs?
Peter. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minstrell.
Minstrel. Then will I giue you the Seruing-creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the seruing-creatures dagger on your pate.
I will cary no Crochets, ile re you, Ile fa
You, do you note me?
Minst. And you re vs, and fa vs, you note vs.
2. *M.* Pray you put vp your dagger, and put out your wit.
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will dry-beate you with an yron wit, and put vp my yron dagger.
Answere me like men.
When griping griefes the hart doth wound, then musique with
her siluer sound.
Why siluer sound, why musique, with her siluer sound, what say
you Simon Catling?
Minst. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet sound.
Peter. Prates, what say you Hugh Rebick?
2. *M.* I say siluer sound, because Musitions sound for siluer.
Peter. Prates to, what say you Iames sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Peter. O I cry you mercy, you are the singer.
I will say for you, it is musique with her siluer sound,
Because Musitions haue no gold for sounding:
Then Musique with her siluer sound with speedy help doth
lend redresse.

Exit.

Minst.

Min. What a pestilent knaue is this same?
M. 2. Hang him Iack, come weele in here, tarrie for the
ners, and stay dinner.

Enter Romeo.

Ro. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some ioyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes L. sits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccustomd spirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with chearfull thoughts,
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreame that giues a deadman leaue to thinke,
And Breathd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reuiude and was an Emperor.
Ah me, how sweete is loue it selfe possest
When but loues shadowes are so rich in ioy.

Enter Romeos man.

Newes from *Verona*, how now *Balthazer*,
Dost thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady, is my Father well:
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liues.
I saw her laid lowe in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it in so? then I denie you starres.
Thou knowest my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I do beseech you sir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and do import
Some misaduenture.
Ro. Tush thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.